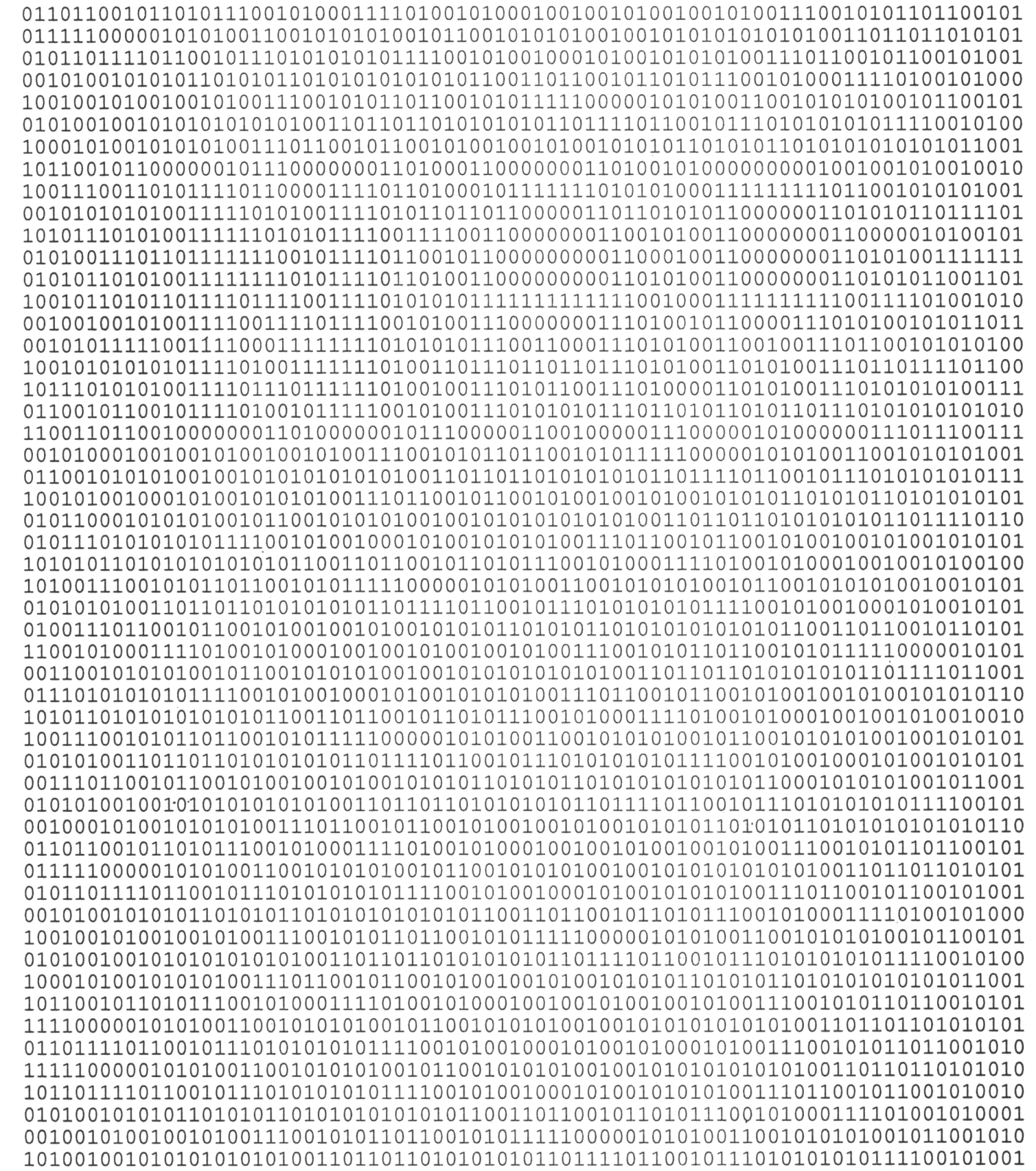

North Avenue Review
"... To provide an open forum for a genuine exchange of ideas from every intellectual field."

Structure

The North Avenue Review is produced from a collection of ideas, stories, and art by Georgia Tech students, faculty, staff, and friends who have given freely of their time and dignity for this publication.

The views expressed herein are solely those of the individual contributors and are not intended to express the sentiments of the Georgia Tech community.

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All letters are welcome. Your letter will not be edited, so submit it as you wish it to be printed. You may request that your name be withheld from the letter, but nar must know who you are.

Contributions

We welcome all original contributions, including articles, essays, poetry, graphic materials, clip art, fiction, photographs, surveys, computer graphics, small items of interest, conspiracy theories, sheet music, recipes, chemical formulas, madcap hypotheses, prognostications (both psychic and earthly), reviews, dramas, artwork, new patent ideas, dissertations, proclamations and whatever else is adaptable to the printed page. Students, faculty, staff, alumni, and friends are invited to share ideas, opinions, expressions, and illusions.

Procedure

At NAR meetings throughout the quarter, all works are presented to the group for peer review. The editors (whoever happens to show up that day) then read all submissions, offering constructive criticism and advice. If an editor feels that a particular piece is unnecessarily inflammatory or obscene, he or she can bring the piece to the attention of the group for discussion. A submission can be excluded from NAR with a three-fourths vote against its publication. This provision is to prevent publishing items that might jeopardize NAR's existence. In practice we have never censored a final submission, although we welcome attempts for your piece to be the first. Attendance and participation by contributors is extremely important to allow feedback and comments—hopefully improving the quality of everyone's work.

Please submit texts either by email or on a Macintosh 3.5" disk, preferably formatted using Microsoft Word. We cannot type your piece for you unless it is very short. Please remove tabs and indentations, leave a line between paragraphs, and quote your sources appropriately. We greatly appreciate graphics to enhance your articles (these need not be on disk; just bring them with your submission).

Getting Involved

NAR needs your help! Everyone is welcome, regardless of literary or ideological pursuits. Meetings are often Thursdays around 6pm in the Student Services building.

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See if you can find the Hidden NAR on the Cover!

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Non-Issues and Fluff at 11

At this very minute, I am watching the local 5 oclock news. (FYI: Im currently in North Alabama, so this is not an Atlanta broadcast. The date is October 1. If anyone cares, the station was WHNT 19 in Huntsville, but everything beyond this following list is by no means specific to any one station.). The top story is that a college student in MIT died from drinking too much. Actually, the story is that a local college is against underage drinking, and that such activity is illegal. The other stories were, in order: a body was found in pickup truck; a local murder trial has gone to jury deliberations; a propane truck overturned, requiring an evacuation of everyone in a one mile radius (the reporter made sure to note that the stations Sky-Cam helicopter was used in reporting the story, and two vans and a truck with the stations logo were prominently displayed in the report); a 911 operator was fired for making prank calls; Russian-American spacewalk; a school field trip teaches 3rd graders science; the closing stock prices for local companies; five day weather forecast; update on the investigation of a TWA crash one year ago; announcement on grand jury deliberations on e-coli tainted beef recall earlier this year; fitness segment (how to do sit-ups); sports, with special segment focusing on the story of a man who works in auto-racing pits; teaser for 6 oclock news; and finally, a man in Florida was bitten by an alligator. In between each "story" was the familiar banter between the anchors. (WHNTs gimmick is that the two anchors are husband and wife.)

The above list might seem a bit pedantic, but I believe it merits examination for a few reasons. The first thing to note is that it was difficult to compile the list, as half the stories were over before I finished writing their quick description. (How else could all this be done in a half-hour broadcast, especially since 4 of the 22 non-commercial minutes of it were spent on weather, and 5 on sports?) The second thing to note is how little of this is actually news.

Now I admit that Im not an expert in news punditry, but I think that there are some clear distinctions that even I can make between news and non-news. I understand that there are some legitimate reasons for local media to fluff up their product, and therefore can accept the extended weather and sports coverage, and human interest piece as a closer. But it is the slow corrosion of the rest of the news, the part which is packaged to the public as the real news, and the creep of this decline into bigger markets, that is the larger threat.

The most obvious offender in this charge is the "Action News Team" that seems to be present on at least one station in every market these days. For these dropouts of the Columbia School of Journalism, investigative reporting usually means a follow-up phone call to confirm the "facts" they gleamed from another reporters previous story on the subject. (For a hilarious look at what happens when everyone copies a news story

that was incorrect in the first place, see Negativlands CD Helter Stupid.) Coverage is based solely on ratings, resulting in every broadcast opening with murder, fire, and gunplay.

Which latches onto a pet peeve of mine. It might be seen as a sad commentary on our society, but, for the most part, murder is not news. Scores of people are killed every day, tragically, but beginning every newscast with stories on a selected few of these only serves to boost ratings, and increase fear. (Growing up in the New York television market, Ive often wondered how all the networks seemed to always agree on which killing would open up each of their news shows. For the most part, it was not as if one murder said more about society than another.) Treating these victims simply as gore for ratings points devalues the lives they led, and is cruel to their families and loved ones. And it doesnt seem to be doing a damn thing to stop the killings.

Of course, it would be folly to restrict the focus of this article on television, especially in Atlanta, which probably has the honor of being the largest market with the worst newspaper(s). I trust that everyone reading this knows exactly which publication(s) Im talking about. No-jump editorial policies which limit most analyses to a meager paragraph or two, continual week long series on rehashed topics that seem to say nothing new, back-paging of international stories of huge significance: all these are inexcusable for The paper(s) in a major city. And please dont get me started on The Vent. (If I wanted inarticulate, unsupported gibberish, I know more than enough people who would be glad to talk my ear off. I come to newspaper to find out whats happening in the world. If I want to know what Billy down the street is thinking, Ill go ask Billy myself.)

Not that The Vent is an original idea. It merely removes the traditional requirement of literacy from the letters to the editor section, where for every well thought out letter, there exists three weeks of pointless bickering, name-calling, irrational statements of the bizarre, and the like, and this is being kind. I wonder if anyone anywhere has ever been swayed and changed their mind on an issue after reading any of these letters. I know that I have often been tempted to change my stance after seeing how incoherent some of the people were who "agreed" with me were, until I realized that every side of every argument has idiots on it, and that all we can do is ignore them.

But how can we blame local papers for their decline, when all they are doing is following the national lead. Here I speak of the paper which claims to be number one in the nation, the original McPaper, the USA Today. For here was born the concept of the no-jump policy. (A no-jump policy states that the all, or at least a great majority, of the articles must end on the same page they begin. This causes most stories to have a length of one and a half columns in which to give their background, story, and analysis.) Here came the glory of five color weather maps. This is a paper that gives over one half of its pages to sports and entertainment. A paper that goes home for the weekend. (Was it only a few months ago, "coincidentally" after Princess Dianas early morning death, that CBS

announced that they were going to take the bold move of keeping their news department open 24-7?) The paper which decided that five paragraphs was too long, and thus gave much of its news in the form of pie charts. (See sidebar) The paper whose lead every media outlet seems to have followed.

Right after the broadcast that began this essay, I stayed tune for the national news (Dan Rather), to see how it compared. This time Ill spare you the minute-by-minute analysis, but in general there were a few trends to note. Exactly two stories from the local news were also in the national broadcast. (Three if you count the graphics listing the Dow Jones closing average. Ill let you try to determine which two they were.) On the whole, the stories in the national broadcast were more news-worthy, in that the subjects had an meaningful effect on the viewing audience, but several were just as pointless; some stories were even more so when the viewer factors in the difference in audience and coverage (a random, senseless murder might be news on a local level, but is definitely not on the national scale).

Granted, this piece is very likely many years late. For about a year now, Comedy Central has been spoofing the decline of local news with their "The Daily Show" (with host, news-van, news-helicopter, and news-copy machine), and Comedy Central isnt exactly known for being on the bleeding edge of anything. (If I hear **one more person** say, "I saw The Spirit of Christmas 11 months ago," I **will** go postal.) But after we have all acknowledged that the news is full of the trite and meaningless, we must still decide on the appropriate reaction.

I know many people who have decided that since the news is trash, it should all be ignored, and have shut out the world. This seems to be throwing the baby out with the bathwater, or killing the patient to cure a simple cold; the low quality of much of the news does not negate the importance of real news in our life. The only way to remedy bad information is to drown it in more information. Were fortunate enough to be living in a time that allows information to pour across our path from 1,001 different directions, and by amassing more and higher quality data, we are able to get to the truth that the media giants wish to hide from us. By being aware of different avenues of information, we are able to avoid the least substantial sources, requiring better quality news through the forces of the free market.

And the most ambitious can take the next step, and simply join the DIY (Do It Yourself) scene. Why settle for everyone elses interpretation of the state of the world if you have something worthwhile to say? Independent presses have been able to increase the multitude of voices, allowing the end user to be better informed when coming up with his/her own mind, often representing views that might not be profitable enough to be found in the mainstream, and covering stories which corporate news wishes not to touch.

It might be true that finding Truth in the news is like finding flecks of gold in a pan of dirt. If so, the way to get a full nugget of Truth is to sift through a larger pan of dirt.

-Kiefer

Information Overload

(Another article in this issue mentioned the need to embrace the sea of data which makes up our world. Every minute of every day is spent being bombarded with messages from all directions at once. Unfortunately, if one stopped to think coherently about it all, no time would be left for that thing called Life. That's why God created people called "pundits": people without lives who would digest all the information, and then present it to the public in a concise matter. There are only a few problems with this situation:1) This gives the pundits enormous control over what we think; 2)I want to be the one who has control over what you think; 3)I like to fool myself into thinking I have something not entirely unlike a life. Therefore, Information Overload: a regular column which will filter the information, but not necessarily bring you a coherent message through what it brings. Coming up with what it all means will be left as an exercise for the reader. Let this be just one more source in your quest for the truth.)

My favorite television commercial of the moment has to be one for 1-800-YES-CREDIT. In it, a woman calls up to complain: "I was denied a credit card because I had late payments. What's up with that?" Can you believe the nerve of her creditors for refusing her for bad credit history!! The bastards...I was watching a video the other day, (Welcome to the Doll House. If anyone was impressed by that movie, please tell me why; I feel I must have missed something.) and noticed the previews before the movie. Instead of the usual "The following preview has been approved for all audiences by the MPAA" spiel, these were R rated previews. (Mainly because they were for a retrospective of Gay Hollywood). I didn't even know they had such things...Can anyone recommend a national alternative news magazine that doesn't cause the reader to choke on its pretentiousness? I was reading the Utne Reader until even I couldn't stand the holier than thou slant...How many meta-levels can the attacks on the media by the media can we get to over the paparazzi since Princess Di's untimely death? Considering this to be an attack on the alternative media for attacking the mainstream media's hypocritical attack on the "sleazy" media's stalking of the famous, I guess the world may never know...Have you ever had the feeling that an article on the decline of western civilization was pinning the blame directly on YOU?...The task at hand for the writer who comes after the post-modern age is to stop being aware of the piece of work within the
piece of work. But once that self-knowledge has been presented, as it already has been, how is that knowledge taken away. How can one undo a discovery?...Voter turnouts have been low for years now. Is it a coincidence that this occurred as the people who first grew up with student councils and class cabinets (the generation before us) came of age? Through these organizations people are taught from the 1st grade that elections were popularity contests, that the winners held no real power, and that their vote was to be treated as a joke. Can we really expect everyone to see democracy as a plaything for their first 18 years and then suddenly gain respect for democracy? At one week after the stock market shock of October, this seems to be the net result of the incident: Stock prices were way too high before the decline, and everyone knew it, so everyone was waiting for the shoe to drop. The one day plunge has relieved everyone's anxieties, and now life can go on as normal; however, stock prices are still way too high (in that they bear no relation to the performance of their companies), and an actual crash is waiting somewhere in the wings. Fortunately, the fact that life went on as normal during the couple-two-three days the market went Manic-Depressive has shown us that there no longer is ANY correlation between the NYSE and real life...You may now return to your regularly scheduled life.

-Kiefer

"The Spirits of the Campus"

-anonymous

It's a weekend night, and a keg begins to float after a group of students crammed in a dorm have drained it of it's brew. Elsewhere a smaller group of friends pound shot after shot of lethal green tequila.

"Your up Mike! Don't spill a drop or you'll have to drink another!"

Mike takes the small glass of life and throws it down without even flinching.

In another room a timid boy attempts to seduce a girl with mixed drinks. Although it's not exactly working.

The party that has drained the keg starts to hop in unison to a thumping stereo. They are all enjoying themselves, they are all content with life, for a moment. For a moment they forget their troubles, forget the burdens that the world, the parents, the school, and the society has put on them. For a moment they feel like how primitive man used to feel, with only the most simplistic things in life to worry about. They connect with each other, understand each other, show sympathy for each other, and are in reality more human than they have ever been.

Does that mean alcohol is good? Does that mean it is bad? No one really knows the answers to these questions, and anyway, not many things can be labeled in such ways.

Every weekend it happens, the fake ID's make their ways to the liquor store, someone collects four dollars for each plastic cup at a party, and someone gets overly inebriated; Someone gets closer to the ground they came from. Experiences are what makes life worth living, and every person deserves the right to pursue these highlights.

Of course, until their experience endangers or encroaches on the life of another person. Alcohol has no second hand smoke, but it does have the automobile. I agree that alcohol and driving shouldn't mix and is a major problem in today's society that needs to be resolved. This does not mean that drinking cannot be conducted safely though.

The effects of alcohol seems to do wonderful things to the human mind, and it corrupt it as well. Some of the world's greatest artists have been drinkers, not necessarily even alcoholics. The spirit seems to help what it is named after. It seems to unlock the human spirit out of the bonds of society. It seems to help connect our material presence to our spiritual one. It brings us teetering on the edge of a realm everyone knows is there but doesn't want to admit it's existence. Under the liquid, the song is always clearer, the voice always stronger and the view is always more beautiful. And isn't that the way it should be? Beauty should lie in the person, not the shell.

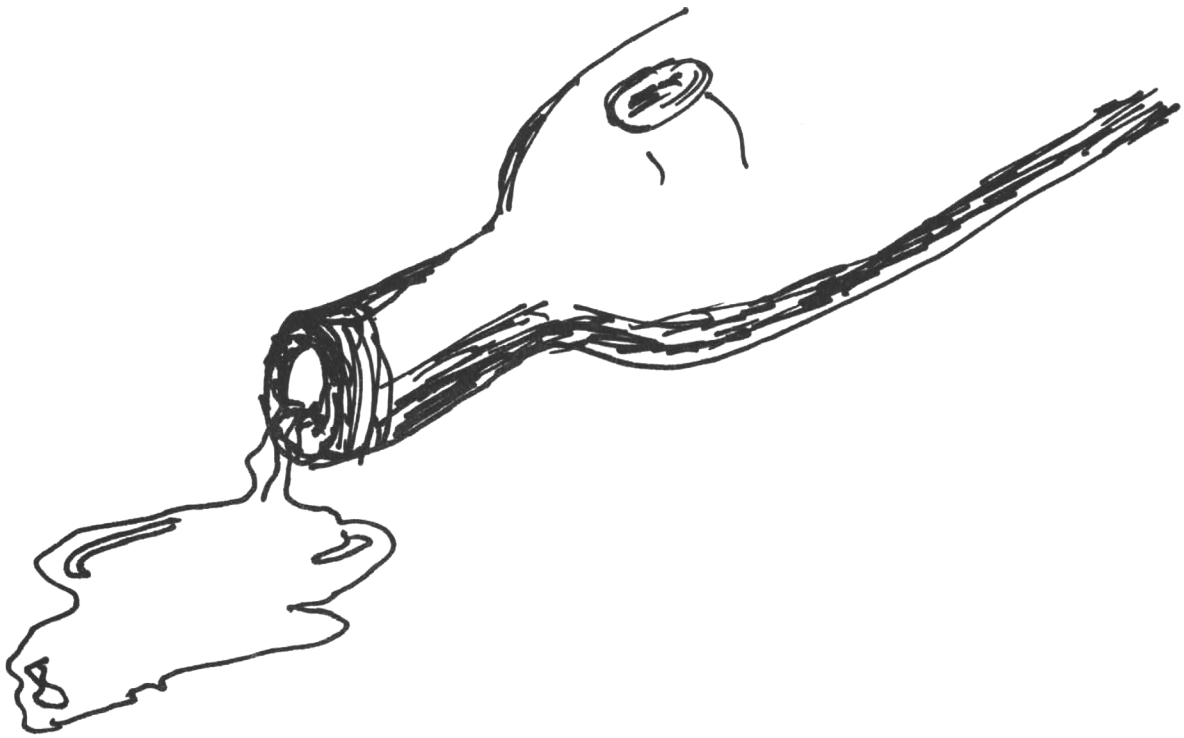
Alcohol seems to reinforce the bonds of humanity. Groups whom have experienced it's realm together almost always come closer together. As a rite of passage it is sometimes used as the modern version of initiation. Through the individuals completion of the task of the drink he/she is excepted as a member of the group. In the same way is also a symbol of the human coming of age into adult-hood. The drink let's people reveal their truths, and connect their dreams to reality. A group that conquers the bottle together can conquer the mountain together, once sober. Because it breaks the barriers and makes the acquaintances more intimate it thus causes the group to become a unity.

I am not saying that liquor is the answer to all problems, as some people think it is. It might not be the answer to any problems, but it can be a catalyst for the truth, and a catalyst for change.

Love often begins under the influence, or is at least recognized when the entanglements of opinions and rules are cut free. Relationships should never rely on it, but many have embarked by it. Wine and champagne are two of the most romantic substances known to mankind. When two are in union, the spirit can become even closer through the unleashing of the bottle.

A major religious ceremony that uses wine is well known, it involves the recognition of a possible almighty spirit in forgiving us for our sins. Wine is used to symbolize the blood of the greatest person ever, to some. The significance of this is that those who believe in this are attempting to model themselves to him, and are attempting to come closer to our total spirit, the human spirit, the holy spirit.

Like all things, like all tools, alcohol can perverted though, and taken for granted. Alcoholism is one of these instances in which alcohol must be controlled or eliminated from one's life. I also urge anyone who thinks at all that they have a problem to seek help. To some drinking becomes a skill used in proving ones self. To others it is a way to escape from reality all together. So if you choose to drink, try to connect with the good things in life, try to be thankful for who you are and what you have. When you drink, realize what the spirits have done, and search for your own. If you drink, don't take the liquor for granted.



"Its just a train! Nothing more, nothing less."

By James McDuffie

The events that shape our lives often seem random and to have no apparent meaning. What does it matter to the grand scheme of things whether or not one gets up at a certain time in the morning or goes to class? Does what we do have any impact on the world, if not the universe. Of course it does. Every single little event is a small cause that along with many other minuscule causes culminates into a big effect. You may not get in the room in time to answer the phone and cause a star to go supernova. This is the Chaos theory, which states in a classic example that a butterfly flapping its wings in Africa causes a hurricane off the coast of Florida.

And I have conclusive proof that this is true... well sort of. I have written a program that given a set of IP addresses pings all of them and puts a # if the computer responds or a simple space if it does not. The reasoning behind this is to see when people are using their computers. This is possible because most operating systems these day have a TCP/IP stack that loads up on boot up and stays loaded until the computer is shutdown. The data was collected over a period where the program was run every five hours. It reveals many interesting details. When people are using their computers is not that interesting, but the fact that this data makes cool images it. I will help interpret these images into what they are and what they mean. Here to follow is a sampling of some of the data I have collected.

```
128.x.x.18    ##          #    ##    ##
128.x.x.19   ###    #      ##   ######
128.x.x.20    ##           #    ###
128.x.x.21   ######       ##   ###   ##
128.x.x.22   ###          ##   ###   ##
```

In this set of addresses it appears that there is a man who is spitting into a urinal whilst there is a man behind him with some kind of blunt instrument ready to strike. I translate this as meaning that no matter how trivial a thing we do to annoy people is, it will eventually culminate into them getting really pissed off and giving us what we deserve.

```
128.x.x.25
128.x.x.26   ##     ##     #    ##    #
128.x.x.27   ###     ##   ############
128.x.x.28   ###    ###   ##          ##
```

Here it seems that there is a guy who is watching the TV that can be seen to the far left. Behind him are two people playing patty-cake. Looking through the Franklin/Puritan perspective of leisure time we see that this image is telling us how much a waste it is to watch TV, which we all know is true. After all when have you even seen anything actually worthwhile on TV lately?

```
128.x.x.29  ########################
128.x.x.30 ##           ##########
128.x.x.31            ###    ## ##
128.x.x.32  ##    ### ###   ##   #
```

Very interestingly we can see here an apparent man who is on his hands an knees bearing some sort long pole. Could this be saying something about the frivolity of hard work? That once we pull the pole that is stuck to our backs out of the ground, we are only left with it to weigh down our travel?

```
128.x.x.38                #    #
128.x.x.39  ###  ###  ###  ###  ##
128.x.x.40  ############  #######
128.x.x.41 ############  ###   #
```

This is a portrayal of the perversion and corruption that lies within the government. I will leave it to the reader to figure out what exactly the image is. But I will give two hints. One: the mass to the left is the top of a castle tower. And number two: "what the king was really doing during the battle."

```
128.x.x.47   #######    #    ## #
128.x.x.48   #    ###  ##    ## ##
128.x.x.49 ########################
128.x.x.50   ###  ###  ##  ###   #
128.x.x.51 ####  ##################
```

Ah, America's pastime of viewing nature at national parks. Old Faithful can be seen spewing in the background while a few tourists sit upon a bench watching the miraculous event. A kind image, that is suggesting that despite man's wretched state he is still above the animals in that he can recognize the beauty that lies in nature.

```
128.x.x.52              #
128.x.x.53 ###          ###########
128.x.x.54 ########################
128.x.x.55 ########################
128.x.x.56 ######       #  ######
```

Here we see a Zamboni machine named after that industrious pioneer in ice resurfacing Zamboni Alfredo (no it is not the name of a pasta dish). This image implies that immortality can be achieved of sorts. The real name for the machine is the ice resurfacer "but all over the world the resurfacer is called the Zamboni." An example as to how a man achieved immortality by passing his name onto his invention.

```
128.x.x.57  ##   ###  ###  ###   #
128.x.x.58 ################ #####
128.x.x.59              ##   ##   #
```

This image is a little surrealistic in that it presents a man flowing

through time to reach for a phone offered to him by the person to the right. This could be interpreted as a statement of how machines have come to rule our lives, this example being a man who rushes to the phone. Or was the man at a bar where his wife called wondering about why he was not home yet, causing him to rush to the phone to explain.

```
128.x.x.60              #
128.x.x.61    #    #### ##  ###  ##
128.x.x.62  #########  #######  ##
128.x.x.63 ##          ############
128.x.x.64 ########################
```

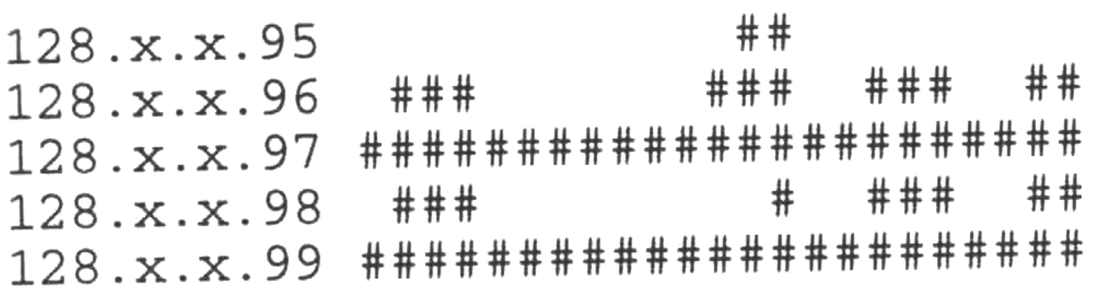
A typical scene in American life, a convenience store clerk being held at gun point, forced to deliver money to a masked young man. A suiting image to exclaim the fact that inner city youth usually have nothing to do better than armed robbery. While some may have the hobby of putting together model airplanes, these youth have the hobby of juvenile delinquency.

```
128.x.x.65
128.x.x.66  ###         ### ###  ##
128.x.x.67 ###          ## #### ###
128.x.x.68 ########################
128.x.x.69               #  ###  ##
128.x.x.70 ####         #### ##   #
```

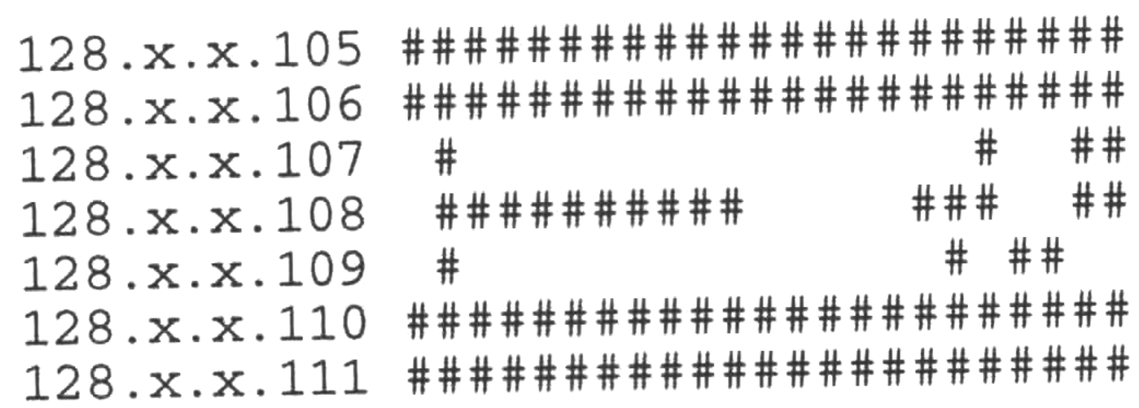
What we have here is a flower growing sideways. Why is the flower growing sideways? One interpretation could be about beauty, the flower representing beauty such that its sideways growth means that beauty can come from any direction. See that landfill you drive past on your way to work? Well it is in its own right beautiful.

```
128.x.x.78           #      #     #
128.x.x.79 ####         ##  ###  ##
128.x.x.80  ###  #### ###  #######
128.x.x.81  ##           #######
128.x.x.82 ##          ############
```

In this image there appears an alien representative who has just landed on Earth and is greeting the Earth representative to the right of the alien. The Earth representative seems to have a disembodied head and hand. The disembodiment goes to show the incompetence that the world leader will have with the aliens. To the right of the world leader is a platform connected to what appears to be a representation of a broken down UN building. So to recap; aliens will visit Earth, and talk to a man with a floating head who lives on the side of the UN building after it was shot by the aliens because their psychic powers revealed our true intentions. Maybe I am reading too much into this one...



Here it appears that we have a man who is looking over a fence into some sort of pasture. So maybe he is a rancher observing his prize cattle. Or maybe he is a cattle rustler picking out his method for stealing the cattle. But in any manner this picture seems to suggest a sense of the serenity one can get from viewing nature.



This one is just too simple. It is a man sitting on a zero gravity toilet reaching out for the toilet paper which must be unrolled from across the room to him. This only goes to prove the fact that most products are truly poorly designed. Would you want to have to reach across a room when you are sitting on a zero gravity toilet for toilet paper? No, well I did not think so.

Remember in the cartoons when somebody was running too fast and encountered a building and they went straight though it leaving their outline? Well that is what this appears to be. It appears that a large, massive headless creature has run through a mobile home. What does it all mean? It means that if you live too far out in the middle of nowhere, this could happen to you and no one would ever know. So many times have friends from Montana related to me stores of Uber-Trout and headless aliens.

Here we see a baby's first toy at Christmas, a joystick. The child sits with outstretched arms towards the joystick while another present awaits behind him to be opened. This goes to prove that we are becoming increasingly a computer society that will eventually become so dependent on computers that we will lose the ability to perform any physical activities

with out help. For more info on this subject buy my book entitled: "The Computing Paradigm and What It Means to Christmas"

```
128.x.x.128  # #   #    ##   ##
128.x.x.129  #### ###  ### ####  ##
128.x.x.130   ##  ###  ##   ### ###
```

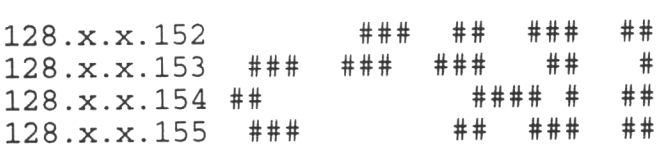
Here it is evident that we have a mural of the progression of man from childhood on, but yet the progression begins at the right and moves left. Man moves from a toddler who can only crawl, to a toddler that can walk to, an adult, to a statue and into the final stage of life as a two headed armless being. This speaks out about how we are really in the process of the big crunch where the universe is constantly diminishing in size to the point where it will be extremely small and then once again the big bang will start anew. But we do not perceive that this is happening, for to perceive it we would have to look upon our situation from out side of the universe. Logic dictates the disturbing notion that our universe is constantly contracting and exploding. This leads to the idea that given the exact same starting conditions when the universe expands, everything would happen the same way it did before. So we have possibly each lived our lives many times both backwards and forwards. Scary thought eh?

```
128.x.x.139                  ##  ##
128.x.x.140   # #       ####    #
128.x.x.141   ###         # ## #  #
128.x.x.142   ###       ###  ######
128.x.x.143   ######     ##  ###  #
```

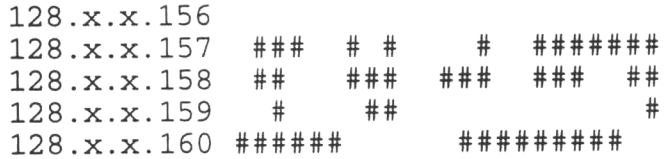
From the left to the right we can see a throne, a elf in a sombrero and a raindeer. This most likely represents the statement that the Santa Claus myth has reached its apex and that it now reigns supreme over the real meaning of Christmas, getting lots of nifty gifts.

```
128.x.x.144            #      #  #
128.x.x.145 # ##   ##   #    #   ##
128.x.x.146  ###  ###  ###  ###  ##
128.x.x.147  ###   ##   ##  #
128.x.x.148 ####        ##  ###  ##
128.x.x.149 ######################
128.x.x.150 #####    #  ##  # #  #
```

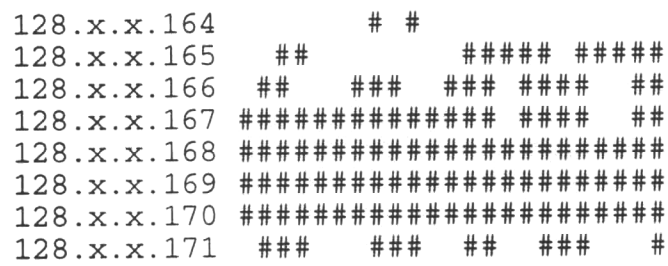
A foreshadowing of the 2000 presidential race. Here we see candidates Al Gore and Marv Albert debating over the issues. This simple image reveals the public's amazing ability to forget so easily.



Remember that Twilight Zone episode with the kid who could use his mind to do bad things to people if they pissed him off? The episode was making the statement that power in the hands a naive inexperienced boy could really suck. Here are some of the adults from that episode trying to rid themselves of the boy by throwing a large object on him. Yet it does not work and the boy tells the thrower of the blunt object: "Your a bad man, your a very badman!" And thus the man becomes a Jack in the box. Like I said before this about power put in the wrong hands and its effects.



Who's afraid of the big bad wolf? Well from this image it seems one of the three little pigs and a flying fairy. It seems that the fairy, a long time girlfriend of the wolf, was found in bed with the third little pig. Before this occurrence the wolf had made his peace with the pigs but this event set him off on another round of huffing and puffing. This speaks of a torrid tale of adultery, revenge and violence that permeates today's culture.

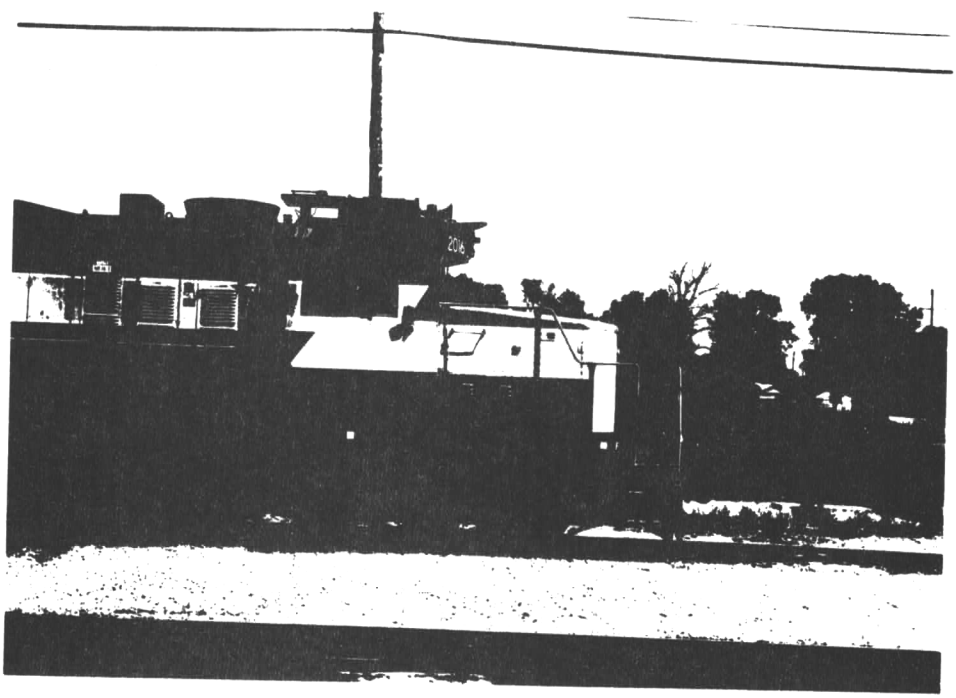


Its just a train! Nothing more, nothing less.

```
128.x.x.191  ###          #   #
128.x.x.192 ##          #### ###  ##
128.x.x.193 ####    #######   ###
128.x.x.194 ########    ###########
128.x.x.195 ##          ###   ##   #
```

The following comes form another researcher into this field of research, Dr. Scott Martin of Furman University: This appears to be a man looking at his penis while a dog with a hen on its back looks on. The KGB, represented by the dog (see Animal Farm), monitors closely the Russian public's (man's) attempt to expand while the hen lays the eggs of a new government (at the heart of the KGB)

There you have it folks, proof that your can say just about anything with the right amount of data. So I hope to have added something to your life and have distracted you from this helter-skelter world we live in. Sometimes it is nice to just sit back and write meaningless drivel. Till anon we meet again, farewell.



Sidewalk Occurrence

by Ian Fringe (fringe@pitfall.ml.org)

She looked so lovely there, standing with the wind blowing through her beautiful blond hair. She was all that I could see, she became my world. This was the reason I failed to see the car speeding around the curve heading towards her. There she was in front of me one second and then the next second there she was laying in a pool of her own blood. I could not move. My whole world had just been taken from me. How is it that this fool thought he could have a joy ride and not hurt anyone?

He staggers out of the car which now lays halfway through a brick fence. He had been wearing his seatbelt, a device that can save lives, just not the right ones. He was so drunk that he did not understand the full impact of his choice. It was not until he saw her that his drunkenness turned to vomit. How is it that he is to live when she is to die in such a way? What grand puppet master pulled these strings?

The police and ambulance finally came parting the growing crowd of horrified onlookers. She was put into a bag after her outline was traced in chalk. I told the authorities what happened; I told them about the horrid atrocity that had occurred here today. It was now dark; I had been here since deep in the afternoon. It was time to go home, they told me, time to recover.

I went home and lay in my bed curled in a ball. I lay there all night; my mind entrenched in thought. I had loved her so long. So often I had watched her from my parked vehicle. So many times I had followed her as she went her way to work. I knew everything about her: her hobbies, the movies she loved and the names of her family. Her sembalence was plastered across my wall creating a sea of her face. Such a tragic thing to have happened, especially on the day I was finally going to introduce myself.

Coffee Shop Critiques

When I first came to Atlanta and to Georgia Tech, I had no idea what to do or where to go. I turned to the Technique in hope of finding something in there that would interest me. Thery had their special "Freshman Survival Guide" with plenty of helpful tips like number 26 "cheat on your boy/girlfriend", number 78 "go cow tipping", or maybe number 99 "steal the T off the Tech Tower". And I'm sure that somewhere there is someone that might find these tips to be useful, but personally, it's just not my thing.

So didn't know where to look. Sure there is Creative Loafing to tell about the "happenings". But I wanted to know about these places "atmospheres" and know whether or not they were fun places to go. So I decided to just go.

I randomly stopped at coffee places, restaurants, and saw random bands(thanks to free tickets from WREK). I drove aimlessly around Atlanta in search of things to do. So anyway, my point is that I did this and I want to share with you what I learned (oh, and no one else at the meeting wanted to do it).

Café Diem
640 North Highland Avenue

So I went to Café Diem a few times. The coffee is pretty good and the prices are reasonable. It's a good place to go with some friends. It has a creative flavor to it with mismatched cups and saucers. When you order a coffee they give it to you in a cute little pot and a cup. The pot holds about two cups worth and costs $1.25. But if you are planning of having deep conversations or doing homework, don't bother, it's a bit noisy.

Village Coffee House
420 Seminole Avenue

The Village Coffee House is in the Little Five Points area. I liked it there much more than Café Diem. It's the perfect place to people watch or do homework. The coffee is good and the prices aren't bad(about the same as Café Diem). It's also right next to Felini's. So it's a nice place to go after some good pizza to get some after dinner coffee.

Starbucks and the Like
anywhere and everywhere USA

I don't really trust chain coffee shops. They are usually overrated, expensive, and not nearly as comfortable. They don't have much character and their atmosphere feels store bought.

Anyway, that's my little bit.

Michelle Murphy

Submit To NAR!

Email: dsadmnp@prism.gatech.edu
Snail Mail: 50271 Georgia Tech Station

Frustration

For many years my failures had driven my thoughts deeper into thedark voids of life. There my mind starved for the nurturing knowledge of the world. I was blinded as my eyes were filled with the red flames tha temitted from my raging soul within. Such anger had hardened my heart and left my hands numb. For many years this misery had tempted me to follow an easier path. I refused to do so since I knew that a simpler path would ultimately lead to the realm of damnation. As a result, I was encouraged to continue my struggle to find my way out of this abyss. I soon discovered that I was confined within the restrictive walls of my abilities. Nevertheless, hope, like the slender stream of light that pierces through intense darkness, showed me that diligence will inevitably lead me back into the sunlight with success.

-George Jung

The Revised Odyssey

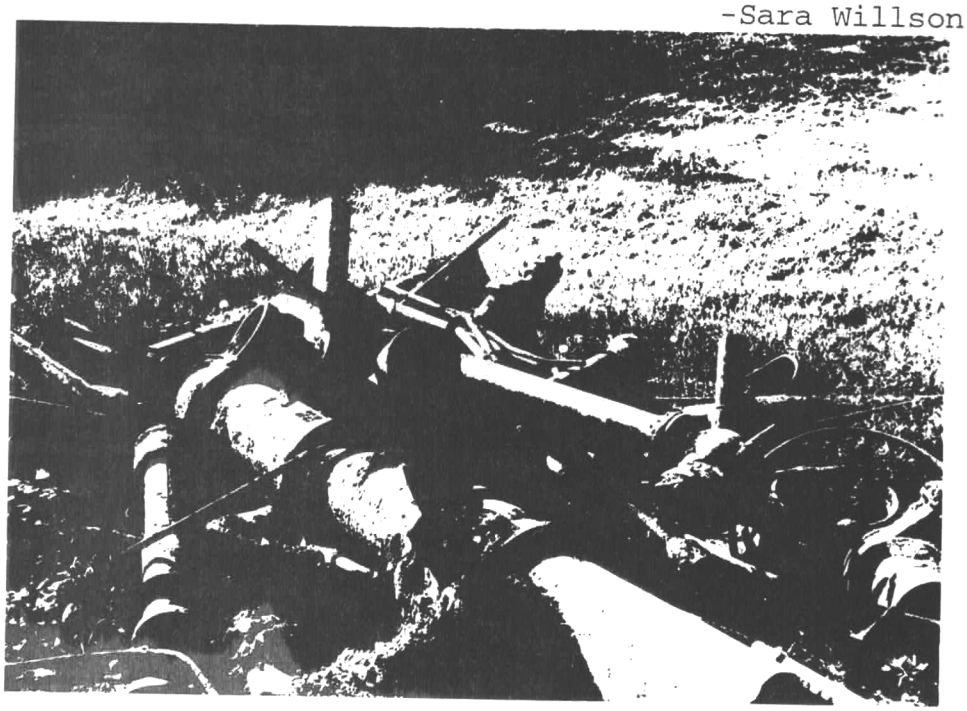
Once again my arch enemy the keyboard sits stubbornly in front of my outstretched fingers, refusing to guide those ten instruments to the rhythm of the thoughts in my head. Do all writers have this translation problem? Myriad thoughts swim endless paths in my mind as I type furiously to keep up with the speedy current. Upon revision, I wonder what well or ocean originated those thoughts. The stream flows slowly through most hours of the day, churning slightly with waves of interest. However, only when the hour grows small do the rapids appear with their wild rides and unpredictable violence. It is then that the passions in the depths of my soul are stirred by the sweeping of my thoughts, pushing all emotions to the surface.

Forgoing electronics, I opt for the tactile grip of my pen. As hours pass, as caffeine becomes a necessity to finish the purging of my soul on paper, I struggle each word to stay awake and finally resort to one of the ultimate truth serums. The coffee poured and the hour approaching sunrise, I dig in for a war with my vocabulary. The words are hiding among the billions of letters dancing out of my pen as the notebook I lean on for support becomes laden with the burden of my conscience.

Soon come the fear, panic, laceration of the heart, the exultation, praise, hope, the shaking. Some words make sentences, even coherent ones occasionally, until I write only babble and must quit to avoid insanity. A wave of mental exhaustion knocks me to my bed and drowns my remaining consciousness in the precious liquid of deep slumber.

When at last I wake, I face a vision of disaster. Strewn paper, dirty mug, rumpled clothes, and my soul bared naked and vulnerable in an innocent-looking book on the floor. You would never know that inside was a little death, a little rebirth, and a revelation or two.

-Sara Willson



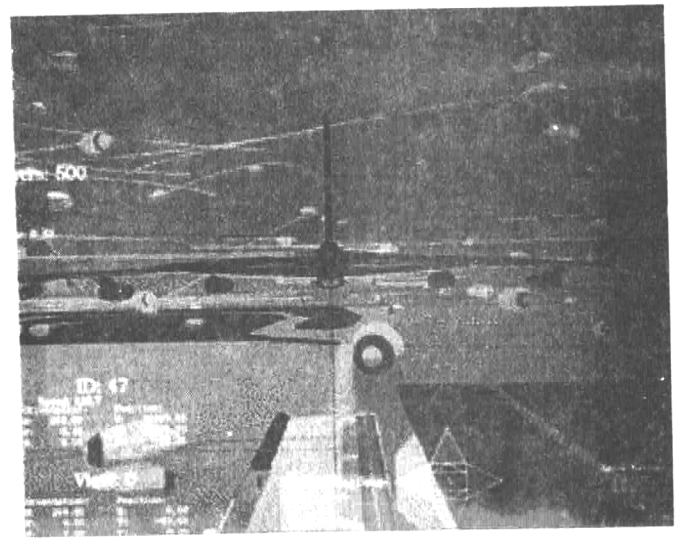
Why? (Revised version of the Essay)

Maybe it's just me, but it seems that every time I pick up The Technique, the main editorial always seems to be ranting and raving about philosophy, absolute truth, God, the meaning of life, etc. Now I don't know about you, but I believe such problems are ultimately trivial when compared to the things "normal" non-philosophers like myself think about on a constant basis.

They are questions about living. Example: How the hell can I ask that cute girl in Econ out without making myself look like a fool? Did all my money from working part time at the IHOP go to my beer belly? My roommate's feet stink! Where the hell did I put my program disk! Isn't there any place to eat that's open after 10pm which is within reasonable walking distance of West Campus?

Of course, you may think me shallow. But I was once in a such a vegetative state myself. In fact, it cost me a lot in the way of GPA. I would literally stay up nights thinking about the very questions certain editors purport to have the answers to. It was at this point I did some soul searching. I couldn't find one. Well, after a while, I got so depressed at the whole damn thing that I stopped caring about the subject all together.

Then on August 27, 1997 at 4:57pm (give or take a quarter), I realized that it wasn't necessarily a lack or presence of a supreme metaphysical being or beings; it wasn't necessarily the lack of an objective methodology for deriving philosophical rules that I as a rational person should live by; it wasn't
about a lack of meaning in my life. It was the lack of a life!
Wakeup Call!!!



Well, it's a new quarter for me. I'm meeting new people, emerging from my shell, making good grades, helping out with the local theater, watching South Park. I sing to myself in my room when no one's around (for the sake of their hearing). And I secretly choreograph tiny juggling routines to the tunes of Barry Adamson. I smoke a cigar and drink a beer with friends every now and then, and you know what? I'm happy. And I think it's because I've started living as opposed as to just thinking about it.

Devil's advocate response:
How shallow can you be? You're happy!?! Is that all that matters in life is your own contentedness. This only goes to show that you obviously harbor no solid moral foundation: only one that is based on fulfilling your immediate emotional needs. You completely WANT to ignore the fact that you have a mind capable of extracting meaning from the environment in which it exists? First of all... God exists... Existence exists... The chicken came first... Man is savage by nature... blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

Get a life.

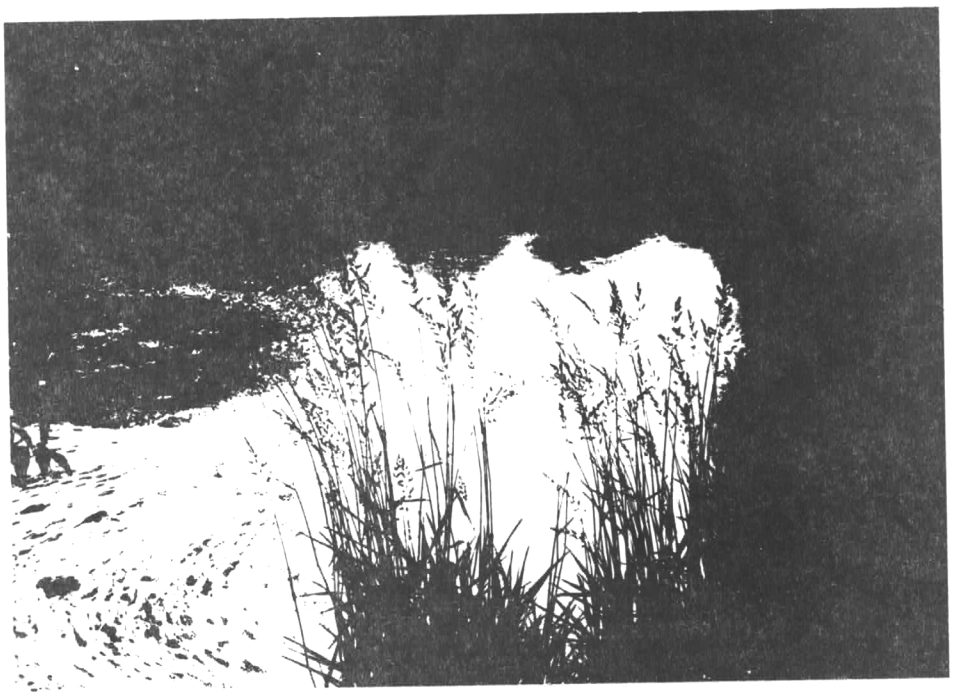
A Recovering Philospher and
An All-Around Nice Guy

(Hey, easy on my choice of anonymity. I'm still busy taking care of the shell thing.)

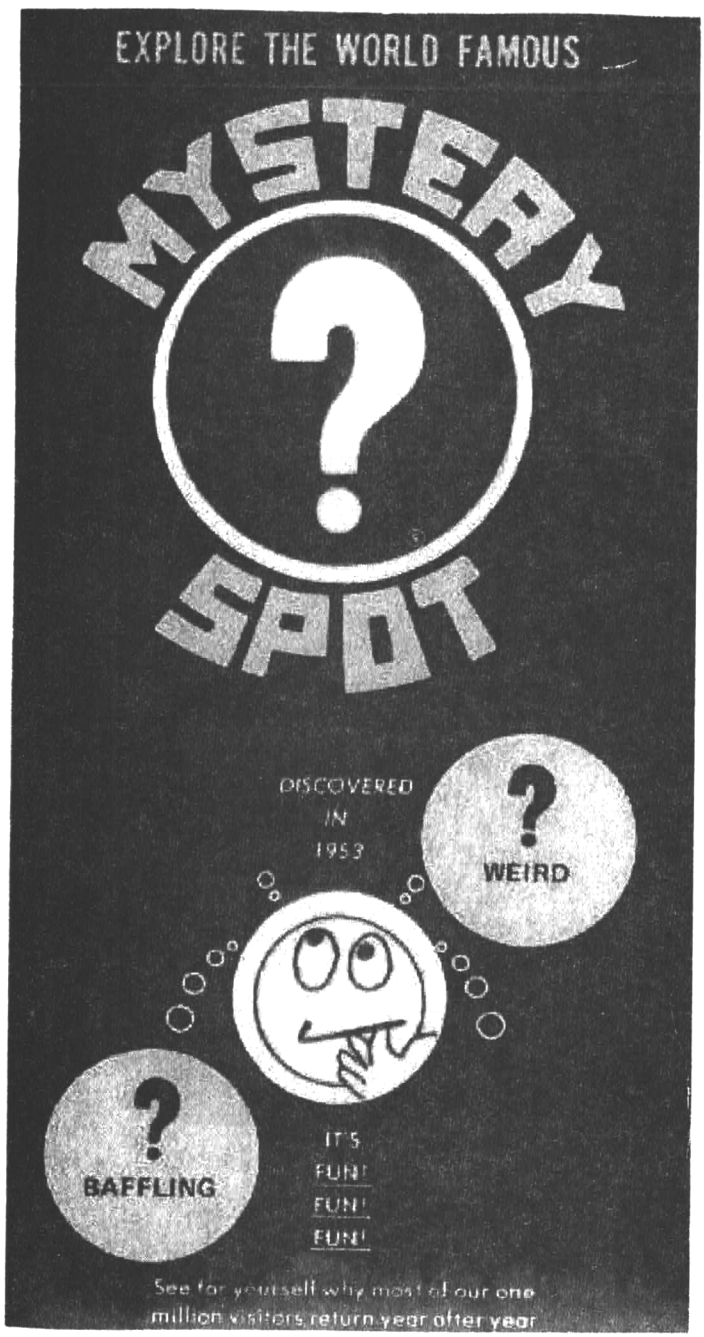
TBS

>
> I am a freshman here at GA Tech. In my prepartion to come to Tech, several students warned me (especially the guys) "Don't get TBS." I wondered what this horrible thing TBS was that everyone spoke of. Someone at FASET finally informed me that TBS was the infamous Tech Bitch Syndrome. I began to hear all sorts of horror stories about how the girls at Tech were all bitches because we are severly out numbered and, therefore, think we are great and wonderful. So I come to Tech afraid to even talk to the sparse girls around campus, thinking that they all might be "bitches." Little by little, I met several girls, some upper classmen, some lower classmen, and was suprised to find that there is nothing wrong with their attitudes. These girls were intelligent, nice, and laid back students. I have caught no sense of snobbery amongst them. Guys, are we really that bad? I don't think so. True, I have not been here very long and I am not claiming to be an expert on the campus population. I just believe that Tech girls have gotten a bad wrap due to a few true "bitches." I think, for the most part, that TBS is a myth. There are always a few exceptions, but for the most part, Tech girls are nice people.
>

-MDM



Fish Wrap


EXPLORE THE WORLD FAMOUS
MYSTERY SPOT
DISCOVERED IN 1953
WEIRD
BAFFLING
IT'S FUN! FUN! FUN!
See for yourself why most of our one million visitors return year after year

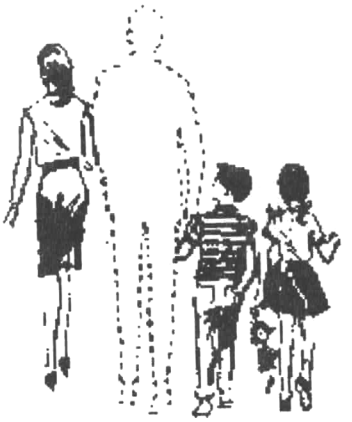
cookbook brandon eason
---

hmm, now let's see...
where is that recipe
for ideology?
ah, here is is...
add years of heavy reading,
untold days listening
to people,
hours upon hours upon hours
considering,
and multitudes of minutes
searching.
let set until
assimilated.
now, let's try it.
hmm.
no, that doesn't taste
like what i believe.
i suppose
we must
try
again.

"Dark Eyes"

eyes i only have to look in once
they tell me i'm right
they overflow
with all the pain and suffering you've ever known

eyes that are dark and deep
they tell stories of long ago
with the crashes and booms of battles
from all the battles you've fought

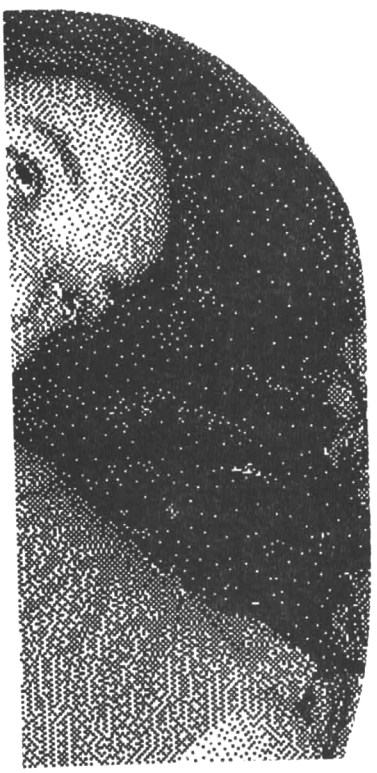


eyes that lift to something
not knowing what
only wanting to share
but not knowing how

eyes that reach out for help
but pull back
when they get too close
not knowing how to deal or cope

eyes i wish i could understand
wishing i could reach behind
and pull the clouds from the storm
that billows behind you dark eyes.

by Hannah M. Hammond



The Angel of Light
- Lord Wingnut

The angel of light descended from high
With golden hair flowing gently around
A face so ravishing it made one cry.
To think that a such a being void of sound
Could make my heart melt like toils in true love.

As the ethereal entity neared
Lips of perfect rose petals entered sight.
As they opened to speak, my hopes were reared.
But instead of words of holy truth bright,
A song of infinite love flowed softly.

As alluring as the birth of true love,
The angelic voice soothed my broken heart.
My spirit felt as free as God's white dove
When I knew my faith in her would ne'er part;
A realization sparked by her eyes.

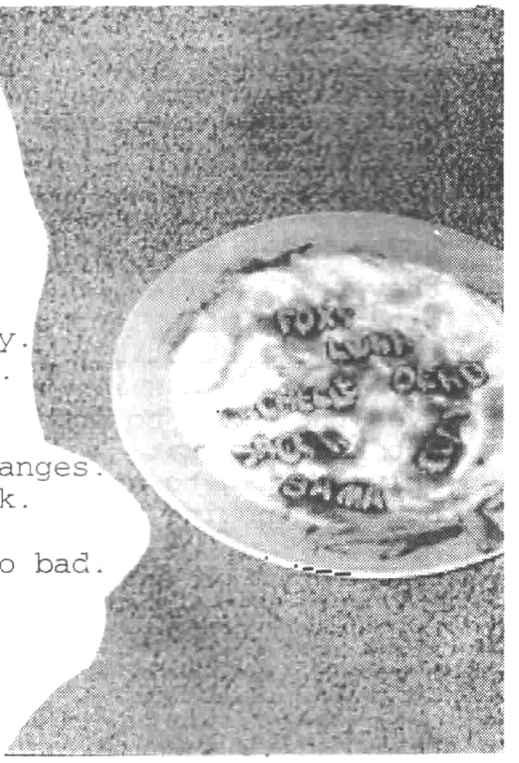
Pools of such sparkling earth-tone liquid love
Contained in a face of beauty so pure
Have ne'er been seen but in heaven above.
Light flowed in, but love streamed out to ensure
That my love for her was total and true.

As the angel of light and love so sure
Neared my unblinking eyes and faithful soul,
I saw an amulet of gold that lured
My chaste mind to the name of which it told.
That name was the best of all names. Nicole.

soup of today

Only give me that,
the thing you carry
in the bag
around your neck
next to your heart.
For that thing you
can have the soup of today.
Thanks. Hope you enjoy it.
What's the matter?
It's cold you say?
Sorry, no refunds or exchanges.
No, you can't have it back.
What's in here anyway?
Oh, I see, well that's too bad.
You shouldn't have given
your soul away.

brandon eason



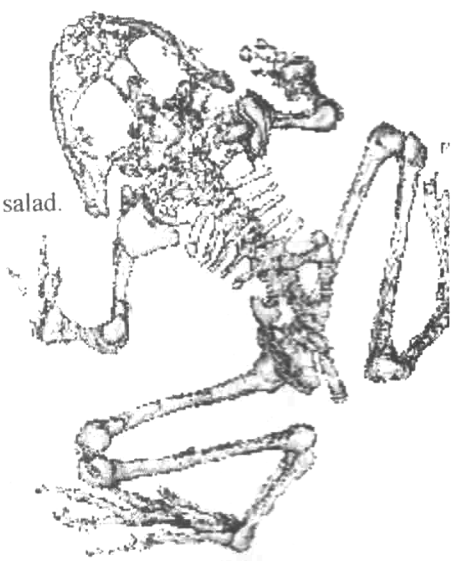
Je ne peux pas me dérober de votre odeur-
Vous êtes, completement, l'essence de Baltimore.
Quand je me promenade à Light St.,
j'éprouve votre présence, dans l'air.

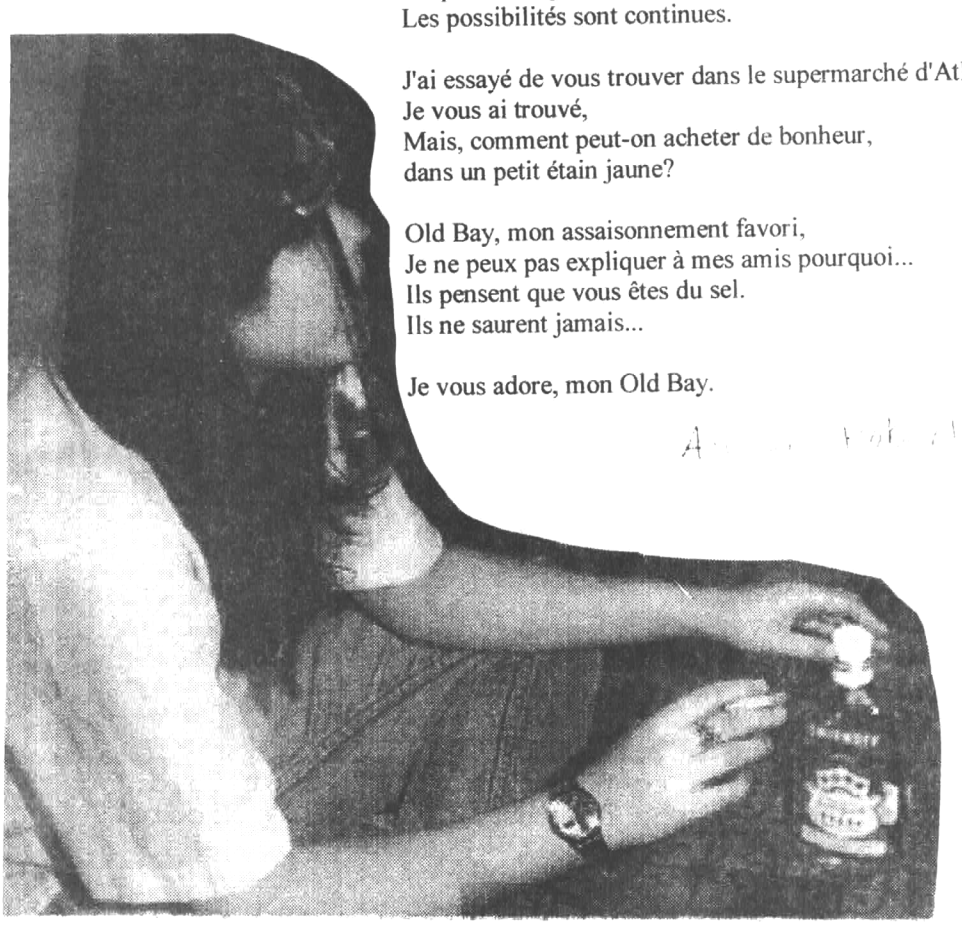
Vous n'êtes que un poudre rouge,
Vous êtes la fondation du marché de fruits de mer de la Baie.
On peut vous placer sur tout- des crabes, des hamburgers, du salad.
Les possibilités sont continues.

J'ai essayé de vous trouver dans le supermarché d'Atlanta,
Je vous ai trouvé,
Mais, comment peut-on acheter de bonheur,
dans un petit étain jaune?

Old Bay, mon assaisonnement favori,
Je ne peux pas expliquer à mes amis pourquoi...
Ils pensent que vous êtes du sel.
Ils ne saurent jamais...

Je vous adore, mon Old Bay.





tightrope

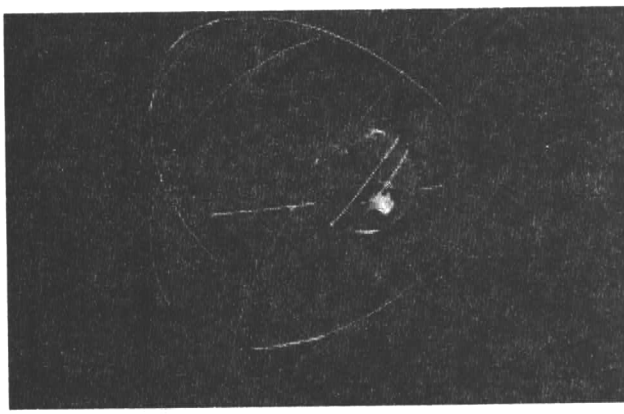
Feet positioned,
body tensed,
aware of the thousands
of eyes
looking to him,
the tightrope walker begins.

A slight shift to the
left,
and adjustment to the
right.
Loss of control
would lead only to spirals
downward
without nets.

Stepping from cable
to platform he sighs, smiles
then bows.

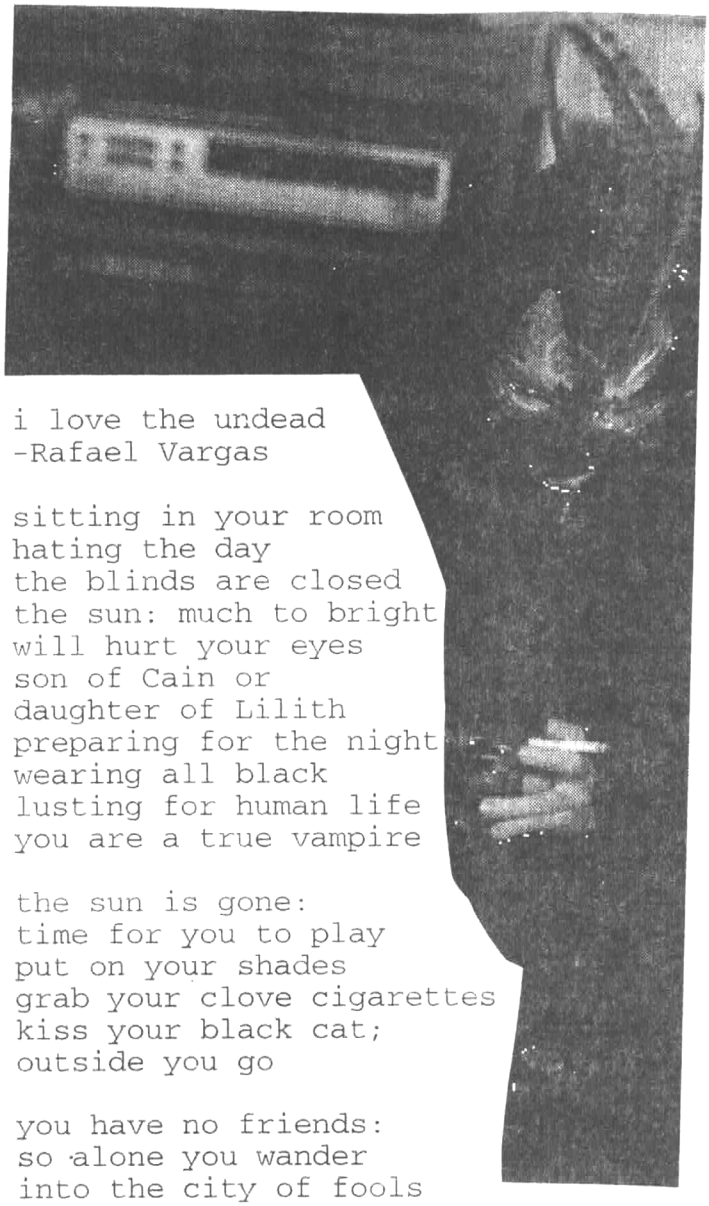
Somewhere,
there is a sense of
Balance.

brandon eason



peek-a-boo brandon eason

>From between cracks
in between fingers
come surprises.
Laughter,
in the moment after the fear.
But later,
when older,
less benign surprises are discovered.
Laughter,
nervous now,
to cover the moment of fear.
Closing your eyes
sends nothing away.



i love the undead
-Rafael Vargas

sitting in your room
hating the day
the blinds are closed
the sun: much to bright
will hurt your eyes
son of Cain or
daughter of Lilith
preparing for the night
wearing all black
lusting for human life
you are a true vampire

the sun is gone:
time for you to play
put on your shades
grab your clove cigarettes
kiss your black cat;
outside you go

you have no friends:
so alone you wander
into the city of fools
full of drunken frat boys
calling you names
they curse you, fearing
your odd appearance
those silly clones
cannot accept your superiority

walking through the city
you scare the simple mortals
you hunger for their life-energy
wanting to quench your thirst,
you curse the fact:

the site of blood makes you faint

Clone

I rose to early,
and fell,
becasue I was underdeveloped.
The glass womb
was warm,
so I wanted to stay,
but they say the world
needs my kind.
Now I lay fully clothed
rolled up in my bed;
My artificial lung's
machined air was easier to breath
than this outside air
filled with particles
and contaminated by life.
Now, my only retribution
may be in the same daisy fields
that I was born to despise.
I rose too recent,
from the stainless steel breasts,
and without a chance.

-Robert Jackson

resolution
Rafael Vargas

need to get my act together
need to finish what i start
need to have priorities
need to change what i am

no more procrastination
will be done on time
no longer the old me
will restart: new life

no more...

i'm gonna go smoke a cigarette

And the clouds do no justice

the twilight does no justice
to the darkness in men's eyes
clouds do no justice
to the blurriness of our mind
and a mirror does no justice
to the evasiveness of the spirit

the rendered sky cant touch
a starry twinkle in cunning
mad machines cant match
chaos where law resides.....
Louis Stavrides

Preluding

I want a sudden red drink,
I want a subtle blue one too,
but her purple dignity
has spent the catalytic words from my blood.

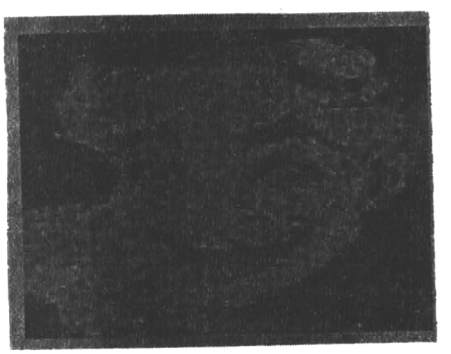
So I'll sometimes sit at a clear bar,
that lives on the reputation of it's cleanliness,
and waste good crowd scanning time
thinking of the folly I'd drink to.

Then I'll get inspired by the mix,
the soundness will integrate into my cognition,
she was right, they can taste the same,
but I still want to numb the blindness.
-Robert Jackson

Simple play

Simple play played too much:
Around the mountain she comes,
Leading Time by his collar,
Flowing down the same old path
To the top of the mountain
Where vistas evolve
Revolve and revolute
Against the path
Of high heel pucker dots
And drug toe grooves.

--
William J. Tranmer



Dad

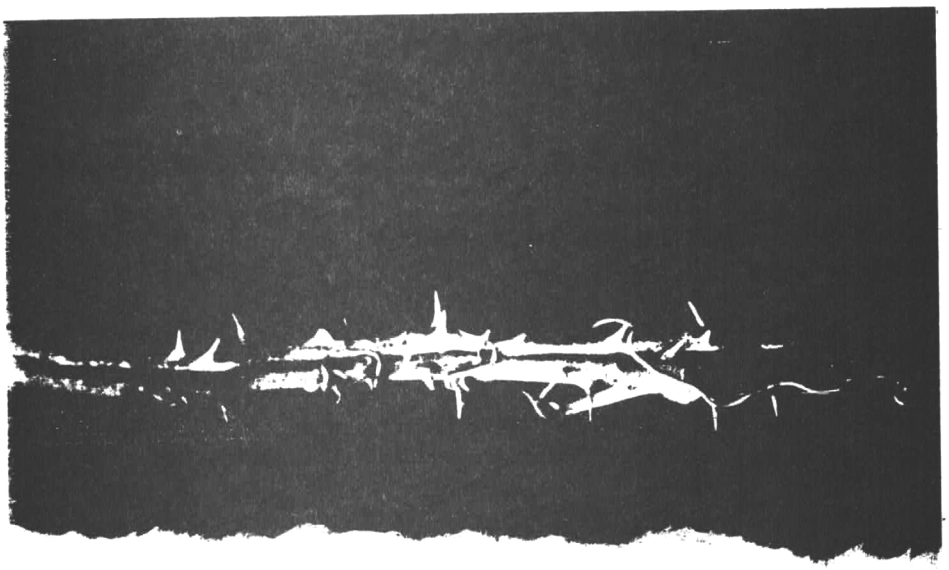
As a boy
Dad taught me
Bear the pain.
Character
Makes men great.
Lack of it
Breaks them.

As a boy
Dad taught me
Trust no one.
Someone who
You think likes
You likes your
Possessions
Not just you.
Keep your stuff
Well hidden
And you will
Get along.

As a boy
Dad taught me
Blame yourself.
It's your fault
When things go
Wrong. You live
Your life, so
You can blame
No one else.

As a boy
Dad taught me
Love is hard.
When your loved
Ones die, you
Bear the pain.

--
William J. Tranmer



As a child i spent
the sunny summer sunday afternoons
in the churchyard among the flowers
while green grass and moss on stones
welcomed my round fingers with a friendly touch;
the breeze drove out
between broken golden locks
that fell down across my cheeks,
and the flies flew by,
but not before stopping to whisper
in my ear
a little secret about life

but here comes momma
scolding "out" for this is not a place to play-
come inside and pray
but with a stifled protest and pointless plea
i look back
once more
before taking hold of that cool familiar hand
"okay".